### Hope

"Hope" is the thing with feathers -That perches in the soul -And sings the tune without the words -And never stops - at all -

And sweetest - in the gale is heard -And sore must be the storm -That could abash the little Bird That kept so many warm -

I've heard it in the chilliest land And on the strangest Sea -Yet, never, in Extremity, It asked a crumb - of Me.

- Emily Dickinson (1830 - 1886)

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I've known rivers:

I've known rivers ancient as the world and older than the flow of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

- Langston Hughes (1902-1967)

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# For Friendship

For friendship make a chain that holds, to be bound to others, two by two,

a walk, a garland, handed by hands that cannot move unless they hold.

- Robert Creeley (b. 1926)

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#### Travel

The railroad track is miles away,
And the day is loud with voices speaking,
Yet there isn't a train goes by all day
But I hear its whistle shrieking.

All night there isn't a train goes by,
Though the night is still for sleep and dreaming,
But I see its cinders red on the sky,
And hear its engine steaming.

My heart is warm with the friends I make, And better friends I'll not be knowing; Yet there isn't a train I wouldn't take, No matter where it's going.

- Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950)

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### When You Are Old

When you are old and grey and full of sleep, And nodding by the fire, take down this book, And slowly read, and dream of the soft look Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace, And loved your beauty with love false or true, But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you, And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars, Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled And paced upon the mountains overhead And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

- William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

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## Swimming

The water is gracious as taffeta folding out from you, streaming over. In sunlight it dazzles the skin, brilliantly blinds you for moments that last as long as breath. You know the dream of flying is nothing to this. You drift beneath the surface like reflected clouds in a quick wind. This is the life that skims the dark, trades the desire to stay down for the cool splash of voices at the pool's edge.

- Susan Ludvigson (b. 1942)

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